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FROM

F. E. Chase

Turner & Fisher's Edition of Buckstone's Dramas.

THE TWO QUEENS;

A Petite Comedy,

IN ONE ACT.

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

AS PERFORMED AT

IE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI, LONDON, AND ALL
'HE PRINCIPAL THEATRES IN THE UNITED STATES

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1837.

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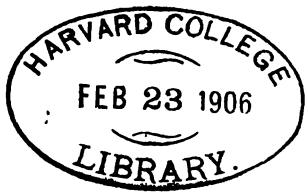

F. E. Chase,
Boston

W. STRANGE,
PRINTER, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

rge Koller - - - - - - -	MR. BLAND.
gnus Lobb - - - - - - -	MR. LISTON.
ner - - - - - - - - -	MR. MORRIS.
es - - - - - - - - -	MR. WYMAN.
iters - - - - - - - -	MR. IRELAND, MR. HUTCHINSON.

Soldiers, Suite, Sailors, &c.

istine of Sweden, disguised as Count Dohna	MRS. HOOPER, MISS MURRAY.
ry of Denmark, disguised as Margaret, a maid t an Inn - - - - - - -	MADAME VESTRIS.

SCENE.—DENMARK.

Time of Representation—Fifty-five minutes.

COSTUME.

—

GEORGE KOLLER.—Blue full knee trunks, jacket to match, blue stockings, shoes.

MAGNUS.—Orange colour full trunks to ancles, trimed with lace, light green coat trimmed with silver, Dutch hat and feathers.

BANNER.—Swedish uniform, high boots.

JAMES.—Blue, same as Koller's.

CHRISTINE.—First dress, tunic, claret coloured satin boots, spurs, hat, feathers, silk tights; second dress, Swedish Queen's dress.

MARGARET.—First dress, light blue velvet pelisse; second dress, red skirt, black boddice.

THE TWO QUEENS.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Danish Inn. A large Window at the back, through which is seen Shipping lying at anchor. A Door on the R. H., *another on the* L. H. *A large Chimney and Fire-place on the* L. H. U. E., *or third Entrance. A Door in the* R. H. *Flat*—KOLLER *and* JAMES *discovered at a large Table,* L. H. SAILORS, R. H., *drinking and laughing.*

James. R. No, no, George. It won't do. You can't be happy away from your natural element—the sea, and your good old home—your ship. Come, come, my lad, you'll grow like a mouldy biscuit while cooped up under hatches here. Forget your ill usage; leave your lubberly Inn, and take another cruise with us.

Kol. L. No, James. I've made up my mind to leave the service, and it isn't in the power of man to make me alter it. I've been disappointed in not having promotion, and no fellow can ever do his duty, as a seaman should, if his heart's not in the cause he fights for.

James. But think o'the chances you'll have now, man alive. We shall have a war with Sweden—fine Old Sweden—fellows worth fighting with; and some lucky victory over them may make the government up with its weather eye, and acknowledge your merits.

Kol. I shan't budge. Let Denmark find her men amongst those she has rewarded.

James. Boo! None of your nonsense, George. You'll never be happy ashore. Look at yourself. Scarcely a month landlord of this caboose, and what do you look like?—a dying salmon!

Kol. Who was it that first boarded the enemy in two engagements? Why, though I say it, 'twas your old messmate George Koller. And who was rewarded for it? The captain's son—a powder monkey, hop o'my thumb little swab, no higher than a handspike. He was picked out and promoted, and allowed to walk over my head: and not a soul ever said *thank ye* to the hand that had done it all.

James. Boo! Don't go in a passion, George. Try again: you may have better luck.

Kol. I shan't budge. I'm commander here. That's more than I should ever be on the quarter-deck. This is my Inn, left me by my old uncle. Bless his blue trousers! I didn't expect to lay up quite so soon; but never mind, though no longer a seaman myself, not a

ship's crew in the service but shall find a hearty welcome here, whether they may have a shot in the locker or not.

James. Bravo! my boy.—(*Rising.*)—If you won't join us, we can but wish you luck, and say good-bye.

Kol. Good-bye, old fellows. Give me another hail before you start.

James. Aye, aye. Perhaps you'll change your mind by night.

Kol. No. I'm firm as oak.

James. Well, good-bye, George. Luck be wi'you.

Sailors. Good-bye, good-bye.

All the SAILORS *go out* L. H. I. W., *bidding* KOLLER *farewell.*

Kol. There they go—happy fellows that they are: and here am I, still young—still ambitious, cabinn'd in this miserable Inn. Ah! had I never been taught to read, write, and think, but have continued a poor ignorant tar, I might not have grown to be so dissatisfied. William—lads—bear a hand here.—(*Calling.*)

Enter TWO WAITERS D. F. C.

We shall have an arrival shortly, and let me see the house clean. D'ye hear?

WAITERS *Exeunt* R. H. C.

I must get married. A woman understands the scrubbing and rubbing matters better than a man. I wish I could fall in love with some likely lass now—some pretty, plump, good-natured, but spirited girl. Damn it, I think I should be the happiest fellow alive.

Re-enter WAITER R. D. F.

Waiter. Master—Mr. Koller!

Kol. What cheer?

Waiter. There's the bung out of the large barrel of black beer, and the white cat has run away with the last allowance of butter.

Kol. Why, what a careless set of swabs you are. Zounds, I must get a wife to look after you. Get out, ye lubber.—(KOLLER *drives the Waiter off* R. H. D.)

A knocking at the door, L. H. I. W.

Mag. (*Without.*)—Koller—Mr. Koller.

Knocking again—MAGNUS *opens the door, and peeps in.*

No one here. An excellently conducted house, truly, where a stranger may walk into the parlour, and not a waiter is to be seen to ask a gentleman what he may like to take. Madam, you may come in.

MARGARET *enters* L. H. *wrapped in a pelisse.*

Marg. Is there no one within?

Mag. I have not yet seen a human being. Halloo! house! Come into the parlour. Did you ever see such a house? There's something wrong here.

Marg. 'Tis at this Inn, I think, that the young Count Dohna intends stopping.

Mag. So I have heard, Madam, or Miss. Excuse me if I am not right in my premises. Is it Madam, or is it Miss?

Marg. You may call me which you please.

Mag. Well, then, Miss; for whether you be Madam or Miss, I can't

be wrong in using the latter term, as no woman is ever offended at being thought young. The blood of the late Mrs. Magnus Lobb used to rise to the roots of her hair, whenever I called her "Old Lady."

Marg. Proceed, Sir, if you please. The Count Dohna—

Mag. Oh true—intends stopping here. The landlord has given notice to the police that the Count has retained this Inn for himself and suite.

Marg. Is it necessary he should give such notice to the police?

Mag. Our diplomatic policy at present requires it.

Marg. Diplomatic policy! What is that? Explain it to me.

Mag. Explain the words "Diplomatic policy!" Lord, Madam—Miss, I mean—do you take me for a conjurer? It is one of those inscrutable things of which the more we strive to gain a knowledge, the more we become confused, till at last we find its very confusion to be its strength; and so we admire and bow to it like any other mystery.

Marg. You are a political philosopher, Mr. Governor.

Mag. Philosophy is never more needed than when one's business is politics.

Marg. Well, Mr. Philosopher, is it not one of your duties to read my letter attentively?

Mag. I have read it three times, and I candidly confess I can't understand it.

Marg. Read it a fourth time; then perhaps the genius of comprehension may condescend to shed her influence over your present obtuseness.

Mag. Miss!—(*Fiercely.*)

Marg. Sir?

Mag. But I'll not be angry. I am philosopher enough to know that a pretty woman has a license to be impertinent.—(*Takes out the letter and proceeds to wipe his spectacles.*)—I will read the letter once more.

Marg. (*Taking the letter from him.*)—Allow me to read it to you. The preparation of your natural and artificial optics is a waste of time.

Mag. (*Aside.*)—A most peremptory female!

Marg. "Mr. Governor,—(*Reading*)—a young woman will be the bearer of this letter."

Mag. *That* I understand.

Marg. Put no questions to her, but obey her commands in all things.

Mag. That I comprehend.

Marg. "If you fail in this particular, you will not only lose your place, but your head." D'ye understand. Mr. Governor?

Mag. As well as a man *with* a head *can* understand.

Marg. "Signed—Count Hunstein, Premier."

Mag. Um! The puzzle that mystifies me don't lie in your letter, but in another which I have received.—(*Producing another letter which he reads.*)—"All strangers must give their names. If you fail to obey this order, look to your head."

Marg. (*Looking over his shoulder, and reading.*)—"Signed Christian the Fourth, king of Denmark." The King did not apprize me of that. No matter.—(*Aside.*)

Mag. Now it's my opinion that I ought to have two heads to be safe; because I'm certain of losing one, one way or the other. If I disobey the Minister, I shall lose the one that I have got; and, if I *must*

lose a head, I'd rather lose the one that I havn't got. That's a piece of diplomatic logic, that perhaps you can't clearly understand. Stop: here is a postscript. "An order signed by my hand can alone annul your present instructions." There's the letter, read.—(*Giving it to* MARGARET.)

Marg. (*Putting another under his nose.*)—And there's the answer.

Mag. Bless me! The signature of the King to a *carte blanche.*

Marg. Which I am at liberty to fill up. Compare the writing, Mr. Governor.

Mag. (*Looking.*)—Oh, I perceive, all's right. Well, this is the mystery of diplomatic policy with a vengeance!

Marg. Now, Sir, do you set any value on your head?

Mag. 'Tis to me of greater value than the whole universe.

Marg. Though it may be of little consequence to any person but the owner.

Mag. When I lose it, that shall be my advertisement for its recovery.

Marg. Now, who will you obey—the King, or the bearer of his *carte blanche?*

Mag. Oh, the latter of course.

Marg. Wisely determined. Now, Sir, your soul and body are mine.

Mag. Lord bless me! I hope you're not Mephistophiles.

Marg. Turn your back to me.

Mag. I obey you.—(*He turns his back.*)

Marg. Do not look at me till I say, *Behold!*

Mag. She has certainly got horns and a tail!

MARGARET *takes off her pelisse, and appears in the dress of a Danish Peasant.*

Marg. Now, Mr. Governor, *Behold!*

Mag. Bless my intellect, what a transformation!

Marg. (*Curtseying with simplicity.*)—Please, Sir, will you be so good as to ask the landlord of this Inn, if he's in want of a maid of all work?

Mag. What! Has the King and the Minister taken all this trouble merely to recommend a maid of all work?—to get a woman a place?

Marg. Yes, Sir. They often take a deal more trouble to get a gentleman a place.

Mag. But the landlord here is a brute, my love—a discontented sailor; besides, there's not another woman in the house.

Marg. I shall like the place the better for that, Sir?

Mag. I see—wants to be her own missus. I can offer you a situation at my house, my dear. I've merely an old woman to look after me. I'll send her away, and put myself under your care, if you've no objection.

Marg. No. I've made up my mind to be maid of all work at an Inn, and I won't be disappointed.

Mag. I can't understand it. Why the King and the Minister should interest themselves about a chambermaid puzzles me amazingly. Perhaps it all comes under the head of diplomatic policy.

Enter KOLLER, D. F.

Kol. Eh! Who's this?

Marg. (*Aside to* MAGNUS.)—Who's this?

Mag. The landlord.

Kol. (*Aside to* MAGNUS.)—Who's that?

Mag. It's a very great secret. But that's a young woman.—(*In his ear.*)

Kol. Thank ye. A nice little lass.

Marg. A very decent looking fellow.

Kol. Upon my life she's handsome. Good morning to you, my dear.

Marg. (*Curtseying.*)—Good morning, Sir.

Mag. (*To* MARGARET.)—It's all right.

Marg. What's all right?

Mag. He's struck.

Marg. Then strike again, and make a bargain for me.

Mag. Hem! Koller, this young woman has requested me to ask you to hire her as a servant here.

Kol. Where did she live last?

Mag. Where did you live last?—(*To* MARGARET.)

Kol. Have you a character?

Marg. I had when I came in.

Mag. Bless you, she comes recommended by the Minister!

Kol. By whom?

Marg. (*Aside to* MAGNUS.)—Be quiet.

Mag. You told me to speak for you.

Marg. Hush!

Mag. More diplomatic policy.

Marg. (*Crossing to* KOLLER.)—I am a poor friendless girl, Sir, in want of a place. You, I have been told, are without a servant. If you will hire me, I shall feel grateful.

Kol. (*Aside.*)—Really a nice, smart looking lass. I feel quite odd.

Marg. I can do any thing, Sir,—scour, scrub, bake, brew, draw beer and custom, and take charge of children.

Mag. (*Aside to her.*)—Then come to my house—I've nine.

Marg. (*Aside to* MAGNUS.)—Be quiet fool!

Mag. I can't say much for her politeness, at any rate.

Kol. My dear girl, I am afraid you will find the only place that I can offer you a very bad one.

Marg. I shall soon get accustomed to it.

Kol. You will sometimes have to sit up very late.

Marg. That I shall like.

Kol. And rise very early.

Marg. That I always do.

Kol. Besides, the sailors, who are my best customers, are not very gallant.

Marg. Then how much they are unlike you, Sir!

Kol. Eh!

Mag. Hem! That's a touch of *her* diplomatic policy.

Kol. (*Aside.*)—I must hire this girl. Do you know her?—(*To* MAGNUS.)

Marg. R. (*Putting* MAGNUS *over to* KOLLER.)—Say, yes, very well.

Mag. C. Yes, very well.

Kol. L. What's her name?

Marg. Margaret.—(*Aside to* MAGNUS.)

Mag. Margaret.

Kol. My poor mother's name! Who are your parents?

Marg. (*Aside to* MAGNUS.)—I am the daughter of an old *sailor.*

Mag. She is the daughter of an old *tailor.*

Marg. Sailor, fool!

Mag. Sailor, fool! Dear me, I'm quite bewildered.

Kol. The daughter of an old sailor! That's enough, my lass. If you want a place, make yourself happy here. Her name Margaret, and the daughter of an old sailor! Bless her dear eyes!—(*Crosses to kiss* MARGARET. MAGNUS *prevents him.*)

Mag. Halloo! halloo! You are to be her master, not her admirer. Don't be too familiar with your servants, or you'll never get your beds made. That's my *domestic* policy.—(*Aside to* MARGARET.)—I have obtained you the place. Now I hope you'll inform your friend, the Minister, of my diplomatic talents, that he may give me one. One good place deserves another. That's grateful policy.

Enter a WAITER, L. H. D.

Waiter. A courier has just announced the arrival of the Count Dohna.

Kol. Very well, I'll attend to him. Margaret, your room shall be shown to you in a few minutes. Margaret, and the daughter of an old sailor! My stars! Master Koller, look to your heart, or a broadside of glances from that smart little frigate will soon make you strike your colours.—(*Exit,* L. D.)

Marg. Now, Mr. Governor, you have answered the end of your existence, and there is no further necessity for your presence here; so yield to the great law of nature and depart.

Mag. But who *are* you?

Marg. Ask no questions, but look to your head, and obey me.

Mag. True. She might fill up her *carte blanche* with an order for my decapitation. So adieu, sweet brusher of cobwebs and tucker-up of blankets, remember the Governor, and be grateful. I wish she'd come and be my housekeeper.—(*Exit* MAGNUS, L. H. D.)

Marg. Now I shall soon behold my proud rival, Christine of Sweden,—the talk and wonder of the world. She is travelling in disguise through Denmark to gain a knowledge of our military and political resources, that our kingdom may, in the end, become but a Swedish province. Already she possesses two of our most valuable territories, to recover which, war will be declared against my rival. Now, if at this Inn, and in this disguise, I should quietly obtain what my husband, the king, is about to fight for, and compel her to sign a renunciation, Mary of Denmark will then gain her share of popularity, without which no woman can exist. From the cottage to the throne it is the universal passion.

A noise heard without L. H. *as of the arrival of a Retinue. Voices heard calling, Landlord, Hostlers, Waiters, and cracking of Whips.* MARGARET *looks off.*

She comes. 'Tis Christine disguised as a young Count!

Enter CHRISTINE *of Sweden* L. D. *in the dress of a young Swedish Count, followed by* BANNER, KOLLER, SERVANTS, WAITERS, *and* MAGNUS.

Christine. (*Entering,—to* KOLLER.)—D'ont talk to me, fellow. What the deuce do you take me for?—a Magistrate?—that I am to listen to your complaints?

Kol. (*In anger.*)—I cannot allow it Count—If we are but Innkeepers we will not be struck and insulted.

Waiters. Shameful—Shameful!

Christine. Well, what's the matter?

Kol. You have struck two of my waiters.

Christine. Why did'nt the fellows make more haste?—Banner—give them three ducats each.

Ban. Yes, Count—(BANNER *goes to the* WAITERS *and gives them money*).

Mag. Three ducats each—he might horsewhip the whole establishment for half the sum—can't say much for his economical policy.

Christine. Now let me have breakfast and quickly—(*The* WAITERS *lay breakfast*).

Mag. (*Aside.*)—There's something very mysterious about that little horsewhipping-gentleman—I'll keep my diplomatic eye upon him.

Kol. Count, your breakfast is ready.

CHRISTINE *goes to the table*—L. C.—BANNER *sits at a side of it—previously directing the Servants—who go off* L. H. D.—KOLLER *waits* R. H. *of the table*—MARGARET R. H.—MAGNUS *retires*, C.

Christine. R. (*Looking at* MARGARET.)—Landlord, you have a very pretty girl here.

Kol. L. Yes, Count, she's not a-miss.

Mag. C. Yes, she *is* a-miss.

Christine. (*To* MARGARET.)—Come here, my love—I must have a kiss—(*Taking* MARGARET'S *hand*).

Kol. Count—Count—I cannot allow it.

Mag. (*Coming down centre.*)—And *I* cannot allow it—No kissing of maids here.

Christine. Sit down by me, my pretty one.

Marg. No, Sir, thank you, it is not my place—

Kol. If you don't know *your's*, Sir, Margaret is perfectly aware of her station.

Christine. Heyday, my friend, you seem to be mighty particular.

Mag. The fact is, Count, the calling of a landlord is new to him—the manners of a sailor are not what gentlemen have a right to expect at an Inn.

Christine. (*Eating.*)—A sailor, eh—Why did you quit the service?

Mag. R. Hold your tongue—(*to* KOLLER R. C. *who is about to speak*) I'll talk for you—you only make a fool of yourself—He has been disappointed of promotion—twice has he been the first to board the enemy, and no notice being taken of him, he now intends to board the travellers, and see if he can't succeed better in that line—besides poor Koller don't belong to any influential family,—he's a mere nobody.

Marg. No brave man can ever be a mere nobody, Mr. Governor.

Kol. Thank ye, Margaret, for that word in time.

Christine. Ah, when a government is *deaf* and blind to the claims of its brave, other infirmities will soon grow apace, and overpower it.

Marg. How dare you reflect upon our government?

Christine. It is a weak—a stupid one.

Mag. (*Who has seated himself* R. H. *table.*)—Halloo!—Order!—Stupid!—I hope you don't include its functionaries?

Christine. I include the whole state, its ministers, its clerks, its imbecile king, and extravagant queen.

Marg. Its extravagant queen!

Mag. Order—order—you insult us (*rising* R. H.).

Marg. Hold your tongue, fool—(*aside to* MAGNUS—*pushes* MAGNUS *aside, and advances to* CHRISTINE).—An extravagant Queen,—perhaps the Count is opposed to female sway.

Christine. Not at an Inn—there, it may be expected, a throne is another matter.

Marg. Perhaps the Queen of Sweden is of the same opinion, and hence the cause of the leaving her country, and travelling in a foreign state.

BANNER *and* CHRISTINE *exchange glances.*

Christine. Upon my word, my pretty one, you seem to talk with great freedom of Kings and Queens, what is your opinion of Christine, I am curious to hear it?

Marg. She is fond of popularity, and her present undertaking is merely to gain it.

Christine. She is certainly a woman of more spirit than your Mary of Denmark—she appears to have no idea of true greatness.

Marg. Are you sure of that?

Christine. Besides, I hear that she is ugly.

Marg. Ugly!—Mary of Denmark ugly!—well, this is the first time that I have ever heard any one say that—Ugly.

Christine. Don't *you* be in a pet, my pretty one—(*taking* MARGARET's *hand*)—you are handsome enough.

Kol. Hem!—Count—Count, your glass is empty.

CHRISTINE *holds up her glass with her right hand for* KOLLER *to fill,* KOLLER *is watching* MARGARET *and overflows the glass.*

Christine. Stop—Stop—my good fellow, you are too liberal.

Kol. (*Aside.*)—I wish this whipper-snapper of a Count was out of my house.

Christine. You must not be jealous, landlord—(*Still holding* MARGARET's *hand*).—What a hand—how soft!—how white! many of our Court ladies might envy it.

Marg. I can't help its being white and soft—I am a woman, it is not to be expected that mine should be as red and as rough as yours.

Ban. (*Aside.*)—A fair retort.

Christine. You should have been a queen, my love.

Marg. Oh that I were!

Christine. You would not allow the claims of *your* deserving sailors to pass unnoticed.

Marg. (*Aside.*)—I must profit by that hint—nor would I by treachery wrest a province from a neighbouring kingdom.

Christine. By treachery!—Who says that treachery was used?

Marg. *I* do, and it shall be proved.

Christine. You?

Ban. (*Checking* CHRISTINE.)—Hush!

Mag. Hush, my little girl—you are growing warm.

Kol. (*Aside.*)—She's a lass of spirit, and I love her.

Marg. (*Recollecting herself.*)—Ha! ha! ha! how very droll that *we* should quarrel about such matters—Ha! ha! ha!—what can it possibly be to us?

Christine. Ha! ha! ha!—what indeed?

Marg. They don't interest themselves about *us*. Why should we care for *them?* Ha! ha! ha!

Christine. L. True! Ha! ha! ha!

Marg. C. Why don't you laugh? (*To* MAGNUS, *who has been looking on very gravely.*)

Mag. R. Laugh must I? Oh—Ha! ha! ha!

Christine. To think of the politics of a chambermaid!

Marg. And a young Count without a beard—Ha! ha! ha!

Mag. (*Very loud.*)—Ha! ha! ha!

Kol. Well said, my lass—well said—

Christine. Come, landlord—don't look so solemn—laugh—if it's only t that stupid fellow there—(*Pointing to* MAGNUS, *who instantly ceases aughing and looks indignant.* KOLLER *now joins in the general laugh.*)

Mag. Though I can bear witness to your jocularity, I'll be damn'd f I can say much for the manners of any of you.

Christine. I have had an excellent meal, landlord, show me to a room —I would repose for a few minutes—(*Aside to* BANNER *and advancing*) —Banner, send my servants forward, so many people may excite suspicion.—(*Exit* BANNER, L. D.)—Farewell, my pretty one (*to* MARGARET). If we never meet again I trust you will not forget the young Count Dohna.

Marg. If you will promise sometimes to think of the chambermaid at the King's Head.

Kol. R. (*Impatiently.*)—Now, Count, if you please—this way—this way.

Christine. (*Kissing her hand to* MARGARET.)—Adieu, my love—adieu.

Kol. (*Urging* CHRISTINE.)—Now, Count—if you please.

Christine. Stand out of the way, fellow—(*She takes him by the collar, throws him aside, and enters the room,* R. H. D.)

Kol. The little dandified Count has some muscle at all events—now he has gone I can speak and breathe freely. Don't trouble yourself Margaret, the waiters will remove those matters—(*to* MARGARET, *who is clearing away*).—There is something very strange about that girl—(*Aside*)—What an air! What natural grace—Margaret!

Marg. Sir—(*She comes forward,* MAGNUS *has been sitting near the chimney, comes forward also*).

Kol. May I speak to you?

Marg. R. You have the right to speak to me.

Kol. L. (*Taking her hand.*)—Dear Margaret, I—(MAGNUS *puts his head between them,* C.) What the deuce do you want?

Mag. Merely to hear what you are going to talk about.

Kol. Your candour and politeness are admirable.

Mag. I was always remarkable for those qualities.

Marg. (*To* KOLLER.)—Do you wish that person to leave the room?

Kol. I do indeed.

Marg. I can command that,—Mr. Governor.

Kol. (*Aside.*)—This is odd—who can she be?

Mag. At your service.

Marg. Leave the room.

Mag. Certainly—that confounded *carte blanche*—if I don't obey my head may be at stake.

Marg. Begone, Sir.

Mag. Mr. Koller, I—(*Returning*).

Marg. Will you obey me, Sir?

Mag. I really don't know who you are—but I think if I were to call you the Governor's Governor I shouldn't be wrong.—(*Exit* L. H. D.)

Kol. Will you be candid with me, Margaret?

Marg. I'll try.

Kol. I received you into my house without hesitation—with scarcely an enquiry.

Marg. You were indeed kind, and I thank you.

Kol. The moment I beheld you, something at my heart told me that you were born to make me happy, and when I heard that your name was Margaret I loved you at once.

Marg. Do you like the name?

Kol. It was my poor mother's.

Marg. Indeed!

Kol. And I should like it to be—

Marg. What?

Kol. The name of my wife.

Marg. Lord—Do you want to marry me? Ha! ha! you're very good, very kind indeed; I came here for a place, not for a husband.

Kol. Will you have me?

Marg. You can't think of marrying your servant.

Kol. I do indeed!

Marg. Then I can't think of marrying my master.

Kol. On my knees, Margaret.—(*He falls on one knee,* MAGNUS *peeps in* L. H. D.)

Mag. Oh, oh!

Kol. That fool again—what do you say, Sir?

Mag. I merely said oh, oh!—and if you're offended at that, you must be uncommon touchy that's all—(*aside to* MARGARET),—I can't give you a character to another place, if you allow this, you know—excuse my popping in again—I've a letter for the maid.

Marg. For me!

Mag. A Courier has just brought it, with directions that I should deliver it to you, and who you can be is to me a most confounded puzzle.

MAGNUS *gives her the letter—she opens it—he peeps over her shoulder —she perceives him.*

Marg. R. Sir, how dare you take such a liberty?

Mag. L. You're wrong, I was taking a peep.

Marg. Then how dare you take a peep?

Mag. It's my way—I've such a thirst for knowledge—

Marg. That you stop at no impertinence to gratify it?

Mag. Who the devil *is* this woman? she paralyzes me.

Marg. Retire, Sir.

Mag. I must obey her, when she carries such an awful document about with her.—Oh that *carte blanche.*

MAGNUS *goes up the stage and beckons to* KOLLER, *who is watching* MARGARET *with interest.*

Marg. 'Tis from the minister—"Madam, in spite of all my efforts, war is declared against Sweden: that Christine is in our dominions, I am now assured, should you encounter her, the only means of preventing the war will be her capture, as I have no hope of the success of any other policy. His Majesty will assuredly command her arrest throughout the kingdom." They shall not arrest her. I have promised the king I will prevent the war, he has given me his *carte blanche* to assist me, and I *will* work out my plans my own way, Mr. Governor.

Mag. Your pleasure.

Marg. (*Aside to him.*)—Any expresses that you may receive must first be handed to me

Mag. To you!

Marg. To me.

Mag. Who are you?

Marg. What's that to you?

Kol. What are those two whispering about?

Marg. (*Turning to* KOLLER.)—Master, it is time to call the Count.

Kol. You are very anxious to see him again. I strongly suspect he has but arrived here to carry on some intrigue with you, and that the Governor there is the tool of both parties.

Mag. Me! do I look like a tool?

Kol. Why do you come here, sir?

Mag. My good friends, I wish you could tell me.

Kol. I will tell you, Sir. You are a go-between, and I should thank you in future to find some other house for your schemes than mine; what right have you to make the King's Head a rendezvous for a young fop and a coquette?

Mag. Oh, I begin to suspect that I *am* a tool—and that this is some intrigue in high life.

Marg. (*Sobbing.*)—I never was so treated in—in—all my days, it's shameful—cruel—to take away the character of an unprotected girl—you have hurt my feelings, and I won't bear it.

Kol. But, Margaret—

Marg. I won't bear it—I'll tell my Uncle.

Mag. Who the deuce is he?

Marg. (*Crying hastily.*)—Oh! oh! oh!

CHRISTINE *enters* R. H. D.

Christine. Who can sleep with this noise?—What is the matter?

Marg. They have been hurting my feelings.

Kol. Here's your admirer—he'll console you.

Christine. I her admirer!

Kol. Yes, Sir—and let me tell you, that my house shall not be the scene of your intrigues.

Christine. My intrigues!—You are growing insolent, Sir.

Kol. I shall be as insolent as I please, Sir.

Christine. How dare you answer me, Sirrah?

Kol. How dare you disgrace my house?

Christine. I disgrace your house!

Kol. Yes, you.

Christine. Silence, Sir—or my whip and *your* back may become acquainted.

Kol. Strike me if you dare.

Christine. Dare!—Do you dare me? A paltry landlord of a paltry Inn use the word *dare* to me—to me—(CHRISTINE *gives him a smart cut on the shoulders*).

Kol. A blow? let me get at him—I don't care for his Countship—(KOLLER *threatens* CHRISTINE—MARGARET *stands before her* —MAGNUS *restrains* KOLLER).

Marg. Don't hurt him—pray don't hurt him.

Kol. (*To* MARGARET).—*You* plead for him, do you? Count, I'm a Dane, and a sailor; you have insulted me, and I shall wait for you at the back of my Inn—were I to strike you, I should kill you—but you shall have fair play.

Christine. Very well—I'm your man—Banner?

Enter BANNER L. H. D.

Christine. Bring my pistols—In ten minutes, Landlord.

Kol. I shall expect you.

Christine. I shall not fail.

Kol. A little hop o' my thumb, but I'll pepper him.

KOLLER *goes off at a door in the* R. H. *flat by the side of the window.*

Marg. Governor, leave the room.

Mag. I want to make an observation.

Marg. I won't hear it—begone.

Mag. The most despotic little devil I ever met with.—(*Exit* L. H. D.)

Christine. (*Aside to* BANNER.)—Get ready my carriage, my stay here may become dangerous.—(*Exit* BANNER L. H. D.)

Christine. (*To* MARGARET.)—Stay you here, my little girl, I want your assistance—don't stir.

CHRISTINE *goes off* R. H. D.—MARGARET *runs to the* L. H. D. *and the* D. F. *and locks them.*

Marg. Now I have her safe; I think my plan will be successful—The renunciation I have here already written—(CHRISTINE *re-enters* R. D. *with a small trunk, she places it on the table*).

Christine. (*Aside.*)—I was wrong in striking the man, but I could not control my temper—(*she opens the trunk.*)—This is my only chance of escape.

Marg. Do you really intend to fight, sir?

Christine. No indeed.

Marg. What shall you do then?

Christine. Make my escape from this Inn as quick as possible—and you must assist me.

Marg. In what way?

Christine. You must be my lady's-maid.

Marg. Your's!—do gentlemen have lady's-maids?

Christine. (*Taking a gown from the trunk.*)—You must help me to dress.

Marg. Are you going to escape disguised as a woman?

Christine. It will be no disguise, my good girl.

Marg. Disguised as a woman! Ha! Ha! what an awkward creature you will look.

Christine. I don't care for looks—

Marg. If you have no other stratagem I rather tremble for your safety.

Christine. 'Tis no stratagem—'tis the truth—(*low to her*)—I *am* a woman.

Marg. No—*you* a woman?—oh no—no. I'll not believe it—you've mustachios.

Christine. They are not all *men* that wear mustachios.

Marg. You are *not* a woman—nonsense—you are not.

Christine. I am.

Marg. You are not.

Christine. You little provoking hussey, how dare you contradict me? if you were not what you are, I'd—I'd—I *am*—(*Loudly*).

Marg. Well, don't go in a passion. Why not tell my master so at once? he'll hardly expect you to fight, if you're a woman.

Christine. If I were to tell him, he might not credit me.

Marg. True, and he's not obliged to believe an ex-parte statement.

Christine. What shall I do then?

Marg. I have a plan.

Christine. What is it?

Marg. They say, that Christine of Sweden is travelling through Denmark incognita, you might pass for her.

Christine. Pass for the Queen of Sweden? (*To Margaret.*)

Marg. Your manner will do excellently—your slaps, cuts, and horsewhipping will then be accounted for, for she indulges in all those lady-like propensities, I hear.

Christine. Insolent!

Marg. Do you know her?

Christine. No. But were I to pass for the Queen, I might be arrested, for the Danes hate me.

Marg. You?

Christine. That is, they hate the Queen of Sweden.

Marg. They can't forget the two provinces that she deprived them of.

A knock is heard at the D. F. *near the window.*

Kol. (*Without.*) Count, I wait for you—

Christine. Immediately, my friend.

Marg. True, you might be arrested, indeed they would no doubt take your life. Can't you sign a renunciation of the provinces? that would appease their anger, and you would be allowed to pass in safety.

Christine. Sign a renunciation! Never.

Marg. Why object? you are not the Queen.

Christine. You know that I am. Confess it instantly—

Marg. I do. You *are, Christine* of *Sweden.*

Christine. And Koller's affected jealousy—his rage at my violence—his wish to ensnare me into a duel, has been a plot, a sanguinary plot to destroy me, and you, madam, whoever you may be, are an instrument in this foul affair. Who are you, madam? That you are a servant at this Inn I do not believe. Your name—I wish to make it celebrated.

Marg. By placing it with yours, madam? 'tis not worthy of such an honour, believe me.

Christine. I am curious to know it.

Marg. You shall—when I have saved you.

Christine. Saved me?

Marg. Yes, madam. In the first place, I will be your *femme de chambre.* I will assist you in putting on your female dress, as that alone will secure you from the vengeance of the landlord here—but to buy my silence you *must* sign a renunciation of the Danish provinces. If you are discovered, I will produce it to the authorities and demand your safe conduct to Sweden; but should you pass in safety, it shall be restored to you.

Christine. On your honour?

Marg. On my honour.

Christine. There's a sincerity in your face and manner what I cannot resist. (KOLLER *without.*) Count! Count! (MARGARET *arranges a paper and ink on the table,* R. H.) Sign a renunciation? Well, miss, you shall have your wish, and if you behave honestly towards me I shall not be ungrateful. (CHRISTINE *signs.*)

Marg. Now, Madam, to your room. (CHRISTINE *is about to take the trunk from the table.*)—Pardon me, Madam, I am your *femme de chambre,* and cannot allow my mistress to carry her trunk.

Knocking at the R. D. F.

Kol. (*Without.*) Come, sir, come. I shall break the door open if you keep me waiting.

Christine. In a moment, Landlord.

Marg. To your room—to your room. (CHRISTINE *goes into the room,* R. H.—MARGARET *unlocks the* L. H. D. *and the door in flat.*) But a moment—and a woman's skill may gain what a whole ministry has failed to accomplish. Men obtain their victories by strength—but to woman belongs the true genius of stratagem.

MARGARET *goes into the room* R. H. *and is heard to lock the door* L. H.—BANNER *and a portion of* CHRISTINE'S *suite enter* L. H. D.

Ban. Where is the Count?—not here—look to your arms, my friends, they may be required.

KOLLER *enters* D. F. *followed by* SAILORS.

Kol. Where is this cowardly Count? half an hour have I waited for him—Where is he? I have brought my friends hither, to brand him in their presence as a cur—

MAGNUS *enters* L. H. D. *followed by* TWO SOLDIERS, *who take their places on each side the door.*

Mag. Guard well the entrance—Soldiers and Countrymen!—

Ban. Soldiers! are they here by your orders, Governor?

Mag. Decidedly. (BANNER *motions to* THE SUITE *to be ready.*)

Mag. Soldiers and Countrymen—I have made a discovery—a discovery that will call your governor to the ministry, and you who may assist him in his enterprise will also receive a modicum of honour.—You all know that the Count Dohna is here. I have orders to arrest him.

All. To arrest him!

Mag. (*Crossing to the* R. H. D.) I have a surprise in store for you that will convince you of your governor's penetration and sagacity.—(MAGNUS *knocks at the* R. H. D.) Count, your presence is required here.—(MARGARET *opens the door and looks out.*)

Marg. What do you want?

Kol. What! Margaret in the count's room?

Mag. Your maid in the count's room? Oh, oh.

Marg. What do you want?

Mag. Your gentleman, the count, produce him.

Marg. Will you leave this inn, Mr. Governor?

Mag. Decidedly not.

Marg. I shall fill up this *carte blanche*—

Mag. I have just received one already filled up.

Marg. You refuse to obey me.

Mag. In this instance I do. I've been your instrument long enough. I now intend to be my own. Produce the count.

Marg. Count, you may appear.

Enter CHRISTINE R. H. D. *in a female dress.*

All (*But Magnus and Banner*). A woman!

Mag. Yes, my friends, the count's a woman—and the very woman that we want. 'Tis Christine of Sweden!

Kol. Christine! secure her.

Mag. She is secured—she is my prisoner.

Marg. Whose prisoner?

Mag. Mine in the name of the king—(*showing* MARGARET *a dispatch*)—so no more of your nonsense.

Marg. Are you sure that this lady is Christine?

Mag. Whether she be or not, 'tis my duty to secure her, as you perceive. I am commanded to take her.

Marg. And I command you to let her pass free.—

Mag. Pooh! Pooh! little woman, hold your tongue—who are you?—my head's not in your hands now.

Marg. Don't be too sure of that.

Enter a COURIER, L. H. D.

Courier. Where is the Governor? (*Seeing* MARGARET.) The Queen!

Mag. There, you see it *is* the Queen.—I knew that my penetration was infallible.

Courier. The Queen of Denmark?—(*The* COURIER *kneels to* MARGARET *and presents a letter,—she takes it, opens it, and the* COURIER *retires.*)

Mag. The Queen of Denmark?—Down on your knees every individual of you. (MAGNUS, KOLLER, *and the* SAILORS *kneel.*)

Christine. Mary of Denmark—you have betrayed me—think not, though you are in your own territory, surrounded by your own guards, that you can awe Christine—you may imprison me—take my life—but I will not be the dupe of so vile a plot—the renunciation of the provinces—

Mary. (*Producing a paper.*)—Is in my possession—you obtained them by stratagem—I have used the same means to recover them.

ALL THE DANES SHOUT.

Mary. Silence—and rise. (*They rise.*) If Christine requires the return of this document it shall be restored to her—and a Danish guard shall conduct her in safety to the frontiers.

Christine. You know the best way to conquer—Mary, you were doubtful of the success of your arms, so you have brought a stronger force into the field.—Your generosity!—Still you shall not beat me—you shall know that I have a *corps de reserve* of the same strength—keep the renunciation.—Believe me, I will abide by it—and, Mary, there is my hand.

Mary. And mine, Christine.—(*They join hands.*) The war is now at an end.

Christine. And my journey to gain a knowledge of your resources nobly interrupted.

Mary. Well, Master Koller, are you angry now that I rejected you?

Kol. Oh, madam!

Mary. Though I refused *your* hand, I trust *mine* will not meet with the same fate when offered to *you.*—(*She presents her hand.*)

Kol. Madam, I dare not—

Mary. 'Tis the right of an officer—CAPTAIN KOLLER.

Kol. Oh! your Majesty—thanks—thanks—

KOLLER *kisses her hand,—she commands him to rise,—The* SAILORS *congratulate* KOLLER.

Mag. Perhaps your Majesty will deign to think of me—

Mary. Oh Sir—you shall be premier—

Mag. Oh!——

Mary. When your Queen behaves ungenerously to a rival in her power.

Mag. Your Majesty's ambiguity is no doubt very delightful to all but the unhappy person to whom it is addressed.

Marg. (*To Christine.*) And now we have our provinces restored—a war prevented, andall by the harmless stratagem of a woman. After this specimen of female diplomacy, who will be so ungallant—nay so impolite, as to shut the doors of parliament in our faces? At all events, if this stroke of policy be approved by you (*to the audience*), then indeed will our peace be nobly proclaimed, and none here at least will have cause to regret the meeting of *the Two Queens.*

The SAILORS *fling up their Hats—Three Cheers—and the Curtain falls.*

DRUMS, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS

Christine's Suite——Sailors——Soldiers.

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